

# The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22.

## SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

(Including Postage.)

PER MONTH.....\$3.00

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,076

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD OFFICE—1207 Broadway between 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—366 Fulton st., HAWKINS—News Department, 150 East 125th st., Philadelphia.

P. A. LEONARD, Building, 112 South 9th st., Washington—810 14th st.

LONDON OFFICE—33 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

## YEARLY RECORD.

TOTAL NO. OF WORLDS PRINTED DURING 1888:

104,473,650.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR ENTIRE YEAR:

285,447.

SEVEN YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the Present Proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year. Yearly Total. Daily Average.

1882.....9,151,137.....25,331

1883.....9,235,324.....25,548

1884.....9,519,783.....26,358

1885.....10,241,267.....28,032

1886.....10,126,041.....27,743

1887.....10,389,828.....28,465

1888.....10,473,650.....28,447

Sunday WORLD'S Record:

Averaging Over 230,000 Copies Each Sunday Since 1885.

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1888 was.....14,727

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1887 was.....24,054

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1886 was.....79,985

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1885 was.....166,636

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1884 was.....234,724

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1883 was.....257,267

The average Circulation of The Sunday WORLD during 1882 was.....260,326

Amount of White Paper Used During the Six Years Ending Dec. 31, 1888:

Year. Pounds. Year. Pounds.

1883.....4,424,384.....19,306,839

1884.....4,484,433.....19,877,662

1885.....4,520,207.....19,668,467

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

## THE FEATHER-WORKERS' STRIKE.

More than three hundred girls who toil for a living at feather work were locked out, something over eight weeks ago, from the shops and factories of their employers in this city. This was done because they refused to work for less wages than they and their employers had previously agreed on. Also because they did not think it right that non-union girls should get the most remunerative portions of the work.

These girls have at last gone back to work on their employers' terms. Every point they contended for has been won by their bosses. They have even signed, on re-employment, formal written resignations from the Feather-Workers' Branch of the Workingwomen's Society.

But has their long and heroic struggle been entirely in vain? Have their eight weeks of enforced idleness been barren of profit? By no means.

They have conducted their struggle against what they considered the tyranny of capital in a peaceable and honorable way. They have done no deeds of violence, imperilled no human life and destroyed none of their employers' property. They have shown the public, who will henceforth have a warm side for the feather-workers, that united labor may not always be successful in a struggle for its rights, but may be law-abiding and deserve, even in defeat, the respect of all citizens.

This is not the end of their union either. Where there is communism of capital and its interests, the organization of labor is a foregone necessity.

## LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE.

The opinions of adjacent property-owners as to whether the Polo Grounds should be chopped up by a street extension or whether they should be preserved intact for this season are, from the evidence, clearly divided.

Where there is so great a difference, why not let the public decide, as THE EVENING WORLD to-day proposes?

No rewards were esteemed too great by the ancient Greeks for the athletes who built up for Greece so magnificent an Olympic record and so splendid a standard of physical prowess.

Why should New York be less grateful to her heroes of the diamond?

Save the Polo Grounds for this season!

## WORLDINGS.

Miss Braden has written over fifty novels in which she has given the world of fiction, it is said, more than five hundred characters.

There is a superstition among miners that every ten years rich diggings will be discovered somewhere. The record so far is California, 1849; Pike's Peak, 1858; Nevada, 1859; Leadville, 1870.

Gen. Noble is the handsome member of President Harrison's Cabinet. He is of medium height, with a well-rounded figure, bright ruddy face, laughing eyes and curling hair. He is fond of smiling.

Ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, has recently returned from a trip to Florida, where he caught some remarkably big fish in the waters of the Gulf. Several fish that were landed by his party weighed upward of 100 pounds apiece.

NORRIS'S TROOP OF CORDILLAS. In the infant into a beautiful scene. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

## MUNDANE MATTERS.

Ungentle Spring, that bath so oft deceived  
The trustful mortals who would laugh with thee.

How can thy sunny promise be believed,  
Now that thy storm is passed into the sea  
And lambs once more frisk on the greenling lea?

The vernal trowsers at the knee is spring  
Already, though the season is too cold  
For vernal trowsers; women's hearts are wrong  
For that the vernal bonnet is not sold.  
Say, prithee, are our tastes becoming young,  
Or are the blooming seasons growing old?  
Who will renounce the months and be so bold  
As to proclaim the almanac "a tale that's told!"

The climate of England and Scotland has been found by the American ball-players no whit better, if not a good deal worse, than that of their own home. If baseball can be played so successfully to such enormous audiences in the winter season in Great Britain it is no hazardous prophecy to foretell the time when a baseball game will be as regular a form of diurnal diversion all the year round as the theatre and concert are now in New York.

In the winter this noblest of games might be played, matinees and electric light evening performances, in a large grass-covered hall or garden something like the famous garden near Madison Square, which is to be converted into a great theatre and concert-hall. The gentler sex would take to this—to them—comparatively new diversion with avidity, and a grand chorus of enthusiasts learn to join in a mighty pean:  
When Casey's at the bat!

In one salient feature the Market and Ceiling investigations are rapidly taking on a marked resemblance. That is, the loss, straying and stealing of important witnesses. The market investigation has, however, one great advantage. It has a Nicoll to help Justice get her rights.

Cabals and cable roads seem to go together as naturally in real life as in the dictionary.

Fanny Davenport has gotten a pardon for the clerk who stole her diamonds and given him \$200. She knows a good advertisement when she gets it—she gets a diamond back!

When the political Meccas of palms and crocodiles receives the District Attorney into its fold, all the other jolly politicians will, no doubt, ways their palm-leaves, chuck up their bandannas, and sing in chorus:  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow—  
And very little besides!

A young New Yorker named Allen has been caught embezzling the Postmaster-General's office. He should be promptly sentenced to six days in the Dead-Letter Office.

Put away the damp umbrella.  
We may need it another day;  
There's a goose bone in the cellar  
That says Spring is bound this way!

Persons who sit "by old ocean's foamy marge" just now and inquire "what are the wild waves saying?" will probably get a bit in the law for answer. The wild waves have been talking fight for several days.

Among the "shortest poems" the following rhyme of the times should not be forgotten:  
Ceiling:  
Stealing!

Why doesn't some dime museum try to get Tascotti?

## CENTRAL OFFICE ECHOES.

It is Capt. Thompson's proud boast that there is not a disorderly house in his precinct. He has stamped out the gambling dens and declares that his precinct is painfully quiet.

President French denies the rumor from Washington that he is a candidate for Surveyor of the Port. He likes his present position so well that he hopes to be his own successor.

In a little frame house that stood on Mott street, where the present Police Headquarters stands, Capt. Clinchy first saw the light of day, and he refers to the fact with much emotion of pride.

Sergt. James K. Price, of the Central Office, is a great horticulturist, and raises dahlias and caryanthemes that are the admiration and envy of Mount Hope.

Sergt. Isaac Bird, Inspector Byrne's chief deputy, has been elected a trustee of the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church, in which he takes a deep interest.

Hugh Sutherland, Master of Normal Lodge, F. and A. M., graduated with high honors in a class of twelve students last week at the commencement of the Electric College. He will go into the general practice at once.

## The Backwoods Telegraph System.

(From Judge.)



Improved Messenger—Message, 50 cents; writing it out, 10 cents; envelope, five cents; indolence, gumming and directing it, 18 cents; new pair of rubbers for boy, 50 cents; carriage hire, 43; ringing the bell, 10 cents; use of pen and ink, 10 cents; five cents; waiting on the way, 50 cents. Ante up quick, old man; I'm in a hurry!

## A Pigs-in-Clover Challenge Accepted.

In the Editor of The Evening World:

I will accept Cal Rogers's pigs-in-clover challenge of \$25 and will meet him at THE EVENING WORLD office Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m. to make good. In regard to referee I agree with him, so if everything turns out right I will be on hand for the show. Please put this in THE EVENING WORLD so I can receive answer by the name.

156 Christopher street.

JOE McGLORIAN.

## Armory Hall sold.

The property known as Armory Hall, formerly occupied by "Billy" McGilroy, at 156, 158 and 160 Hester street and 108, 108½ and 110 Mott street, was sold at the Real Estate Exchange yesterday, for \$19,000, bought the Hester street property for \$7,000, and 108 and 108½ Mott street for \$7,000.

## Temple Beth El Reception.

The annual reception of the Young Men's Association of the Temple Beth El at Terrace Garden will be held Saturday evening, March 23. This event will be preceded by a production of "Held by the Enemy," by Mr. William Gillette, the author of the play, and his professional company.

## Something Very Unusual.

124 West 124th St., N. Y.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you for the unusual favor granted me in taking back the CORONET'S SASSAPARILLA, purchased several bottles, thinking I was most of public interest, and rather astonished to find myself entirely cured of my blood. I consider your Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine I have ever used, and I can say for you for your liberal action, I remain your truly yours, O. B. VAN.

## A STORMY DAY VIEW

Taken from the Equitable Building's Towering Roof.

## A Noble Cyclorama Hung with Ever-Shifting Mists.

Sights Far Away, on Every Hand, and Then Close Underneath.

Thousands of people strive a lifetime to attain an exalted station in the world, and fail. Others have eminence thrust upon them, as it were.

Of the latter class is United States Signal Service Observer Elias B. Dunn, who occupies one of the loftiest positions in New York City.

Perched high in his eyrie on the top of the Equitable Building he distils weather of every conceivable variety, and it is no wonder that he and the mysterious laboratory wherein he compounds his storms and sunshine are objects of keenest interest.

But the top of his lofty tower is also the Mecca of numbers of sightseers who are attracted by the view it commands.

Most persons choose clear days for their pilgrimage thither, yet a storm adds to the grandeur of the scene. The shifting haze, shutting off a portion of the view only to reveal another, is a source of never-ending interest. Then, too, the great buildings round about seem to loom up more majestically through the storm clouds.

It is the figure of speech to say that the view verges on the sublime at such a time.

On all sides rise the giant piles of masonry and brick, constituting the finest business buildings in the world. Now and again they are hidden by dense mists of vapor, only to stand out more prominently when the curtain shifts to another quarter.

Further away the spires of innumerable churches and the chimneys of endless lines of factories seem to pierce the surging clouds.

Then looking straight down from the immense height, the myriads of people beneath umbrellas pouring along Broadway appear like a vast swarm of ants.

To the south is the broad sweep of the bay, with the wooded crests of Staten Island beyond playing hide-and-seek in the fog, which coils about them in great wreaths.

Power Hill to the southwest and Town Hill to the southeast are the most conspicuous points on the island. Fort Wadsworth, on the north shore, looks grim and frowning through the mist, as does also the Long Island companion, directly opposite—Fort Hamilton.

The drifting haze conceals Sandy Hook and the undulating line of the Navesink Highlands—plainly visible in clearer weather. Occasional glimpses are caught, however, of the solitary Ocean Island observatory and the gigantic elephant.

The curved shores of Bath Beach and Bay Ridge wind in and out, dotted with handsome residences nestling among the woods.

Along the water fronts of New York's great cities, Brooklyn, Jersey City, lower great warehouses and ship's stores. The mists, enshrouding Brooklyn like a grisly ghost, lift an instant and reveal the picturesque elevation of Brooklyn Heights. Also, conspicuously appear the great store of Westler & Abraham, in Fulton street; the massive building of the United States Fire Insurance Company, in Grand street; Williamsburg; the Hotel, on Broadway; the Hotel, on Broadway; and the Hotel, on Broadway.

The fog goes swirling to the southward, and Astoria, the beautiful, and Hunter's Point, the unsavory, stand out clearly.

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Turning again to the south, near to New York is the pack-like island, upon which the headquarters of the army in this section. The laws are trim and well kept and green, even in this mid-winter. The quarters of the army are clean and comfortable.

Everything pertaining to the island is spacious and kept so with military exactness.

Further to the west, southwest from Battery Park, the Statue of Liberty rears its imposing height, the uplifted arm of Miss Liberty appearing to warn mariners to keep their distance until the fog clears away. The statue about her serene countenance, as if attempting to allure her into unbending a little from the stern dignity of her pose. She is not, however, a girl, and demurely keeps her distance from the lofty pedestal whereon her altars are placed here.

Well does she appreciate the responsibility of her high office, and the whole figure indicates that she is intent only on the important mission entrusted to her—that of welcoming all incoming vessels and assuring them of her country's hospitality. Her graceful outline stands out more clearly with the swaying mists dancing away back of her than when this background is wanting.

Away beyond Liberty, over on a point of Bayonne, the smoke of a great factory rises in dense volumes of smoke, the thick, black smoke mingling with the white mist and producing a most peculiar effect.

Further yet away is Greenville, with its churches of the regular New England country type, so different from the palatial Trinity and St. Paul.

At the furthest limit to which the eye can reach is the Blue Range of mountains, now scarcely more than a bluish blur in the fog. This range overtops the Blue Mountains and the charming towns at their base.

Up through Jersey City the eye sweeps, noting its great buildings and countless chimneys. The presence of the Hudson River in her home annoys her extremely. He makes his appearance the day after the marriage and remains! The friendship she thought so much of, she has lost. Her husband's neglect becomes so marked that she appeals to her mother to aid her in discovering her rival.

"The identity of this person is the story of 'Marriage Below Zero.' It may really be said that the identity is startling and absolutely unconventional. The book ends in a very unexpected way, and the last chapter is highly dramatic.

Obnoxious Harlem River Drawbridges. B. R. Guion, Secretary of the Citizens and Taxpayers' Association, of the Twenty-third Ward, requests all travelers over the New York Central, New York and Harlem, New York and New Haven, New York and Northern, and Morrisania, Tremont and Fordham railroads, who travel during the hours of 7:30 and 8:30 o'clock in the morning and 5:30 o'clock in the evening, thus preventing visitors to the suburban rapid transit, to sign petitions to that effect at the Association's rooms, 3438 Third avenue.

Now is the Time

To purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather, the best season is the latter part of the month more prominent the breath so offensive, the drowsy dizziness so frequent, or that extreme tired feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to build up the system, clear the blood, cure biliousness, overcome that tired feeling and create a good appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOLLAR ONE DOLLAR

a City Hall Park, that oasis of green in the desert of granite and brick. They are artistically and mathematically correct.

To the north are the graceful spires of Grace Church, and St. Thomas's can be seen at Fifty-third street and Fifth avenue.

Looking away up as far as the eye will reach the eye to reach, there is the Obelisk, in Central Park, faint and dim-looking, indeed, like a needle.

Other objects which catch the eye prominently are the Domestic Building at Fourteenth street and Broadway; St. Paul's Church, next to the Astor House, and Rev. Dr. John Hall's Church, at Fifty-fifth street and Fifth avenue.

Away over by the North River are the grain elevators of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

In the near neighborhood, to the east, the delicate outlines of the Brooklyn Bridge trace themselves through the fog.

The countless boats, rushing hither and thither like a throng of life, are seen everywhere on the water, with an occasional huge ocean steamer crawling slowly along by the docks, as if seeking cautiously and distrustfully for a safe landing place.

The tugs, viciously energetic, are omnipresent, rushing about with aggressive activity, getting in the way of all the other boats, and then whistling furiously for them to get out of the way.

From the altitude of the Equitable they seem to be swearing.

The sedate ferry-boats, always calm and unimpassioned, seem even more calm than usual at such a distance, and their resemblance to crabs, in gait and appearance, is more noticeable than when viewed from the earth's level.

Altogether, a visit to the top of the Equitable is an experience especially interesting on a stormy day.

## TO-NIGHT'S TORCHLIGHT PARADE.

Here is the Route that Barnum's Greatest Show Will Take.

To-night the principal streets of the city are given up to Barnum in all his glory, and the people get a free view of some of the wonders of the Greatest Show on Earth.

By special dispensation of the weather clerk clear skies are a sure thing, and the wind will have put the streets in good condition.

The procession is booked to leave Madison Square Garden at 6:30 o'clock and proceed over a route which is detailed, green and yellow fire, and music, by the torches of 2,000 men, who will double line the cages of wild beasts containing male or female tigers and by the light of vari-colored fireworks.

The following is the route: Madison avenue to Forty-ninth street, to Fifth avenue, to Twenty-ninth street, to Broadway, to Grand street, to Sullivan street, to Canal street, to Hudson street, to Eighth avenue, to Fortieth street, to First avenue, to Twenty-fourth street, to Avenue A, to Essex street, to Grand street, to Bowery, to Fourth avenue, to the Garden.

There are to be at least a dozen different kinds of music, 400 horses, cages of wild beasts, chariots, some of the latter twenty feet high; mounted Moors, Arabs and Algerian dancing maids, two herds of elephants, some harnessed to chariots, and with people upon their backs; a drove of camels Roman riders, &c., the whole presenting a grand display of the resources of the shows.

## A Protest from a Veteran.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Being a constant reader of THE EVENING WORLD, may I be allowed space to ask by what right the Centennial Committee has to give place to the Grand Army in line of parade on the 30th of April, and refuse other veterans the right to parade on that day?

This is a gross injustice to the "Mexican War Veterans." Upon all public demonstrations held in the city of New York to which all veterans are invited to join the parade, these veterans are placed at the tail end of every other veteran organization, be it of city militia regiments or veterans of the late war, in just to our priority of service since 1848 we should have been placed in the front of the parade, and not at the rear of the war of 1812, of whom only a few remain.

The "Veterans of the Mexican War" should upon all such occasions outrank all other veterans, and the Mexican war should be much as the war between the United States and Mexico. No war was ever crowned with such signal success as the Mexican war, and the veterans of that war should be placed in the front of the parade, and not at the rear of the war of 1812, of whom only a few remain.

The Centennial Committee should reconsider their arrangements, place what are left of the veterans of 1812 to the right of line, and the Mexican veterans coming next, then the Grand Army.

## Book Note.

A copy of a new novel, entitled "A Marriage Below Zero," by Alan Dore, published by G. W. Billington, has just been received at this office. The book will probably be in the newstands by this time. Stranger unions have been known in this city than that treated of in "A Marriage Below Zero," but it is reserved for the novelist to tell what he thinks the writer of facts would not dare to do. That a careful search of the divorce records would reveal many such like the peculiar story told in this novel is an undoubted fact. Whether it would be necessary or even desirable to make them known is questionable.

Else, the owner of "A Marriage Below Zero" is an invidious schoolgirl, who, when introduced into society, finds its inanity unendurable. She despises the silly speech of the men, the least bit of peculiarity of the women, in Arthur Ravenor she meets the man of her choice. She hears that he has a warm friendship for a school friend, who is known as Captain Bullington, and she feels that a man capable of sincere friendship is worth knowing.

Arthur Ravenor appears to be interested in Elsie, she entertains him at a banquet and takes place and the couple retire to a little country house in New York, where Elsie soon discovers that she has a rival absolutely perfect in every respect. The presence of Captain Bullington in her home annoys her extremely. He makes his appearance the day after the marriage and remains! The friendship she thought so much of, she has lost. Her husband's neglect becomes so marked that she appeals to her mother to aid her in discovering her rival.

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## London & Liverpool, 86 & 88 Bowery, cor. Hester St.,



WILL OFFER ABOUT 3,000 SUITS FOR MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS, AND CHILDREN, THESE SUITS MUST BE SOLD BY TOMORROW (SATURDAY) AT 10 O'CLOCK. WHAT THE LOSS MAY BE, WE HAVE MADE THREE LOTS OUT OF THE THREE THOUSAND AND WE WILL LET THEM FLY AT

\$8.00, \$9.75 and \$12.00 PER SUIT.

NOTICE—THE CHEAPEST SUIT IN THE LOT IS WORTH MORE THAN \$20.00, AND THEY ARE ALL SUITS OF THE LATEST FASHIONS, CASSIMERES, COATS, VESTS, AND DIAPHRAGMS.

LONDON & LIVERPOOL SPRING OVERCOATS, SILK AND SATIN LINED.

WILL ALSO SELL 2,000

\$8.00 AND \$10.00.